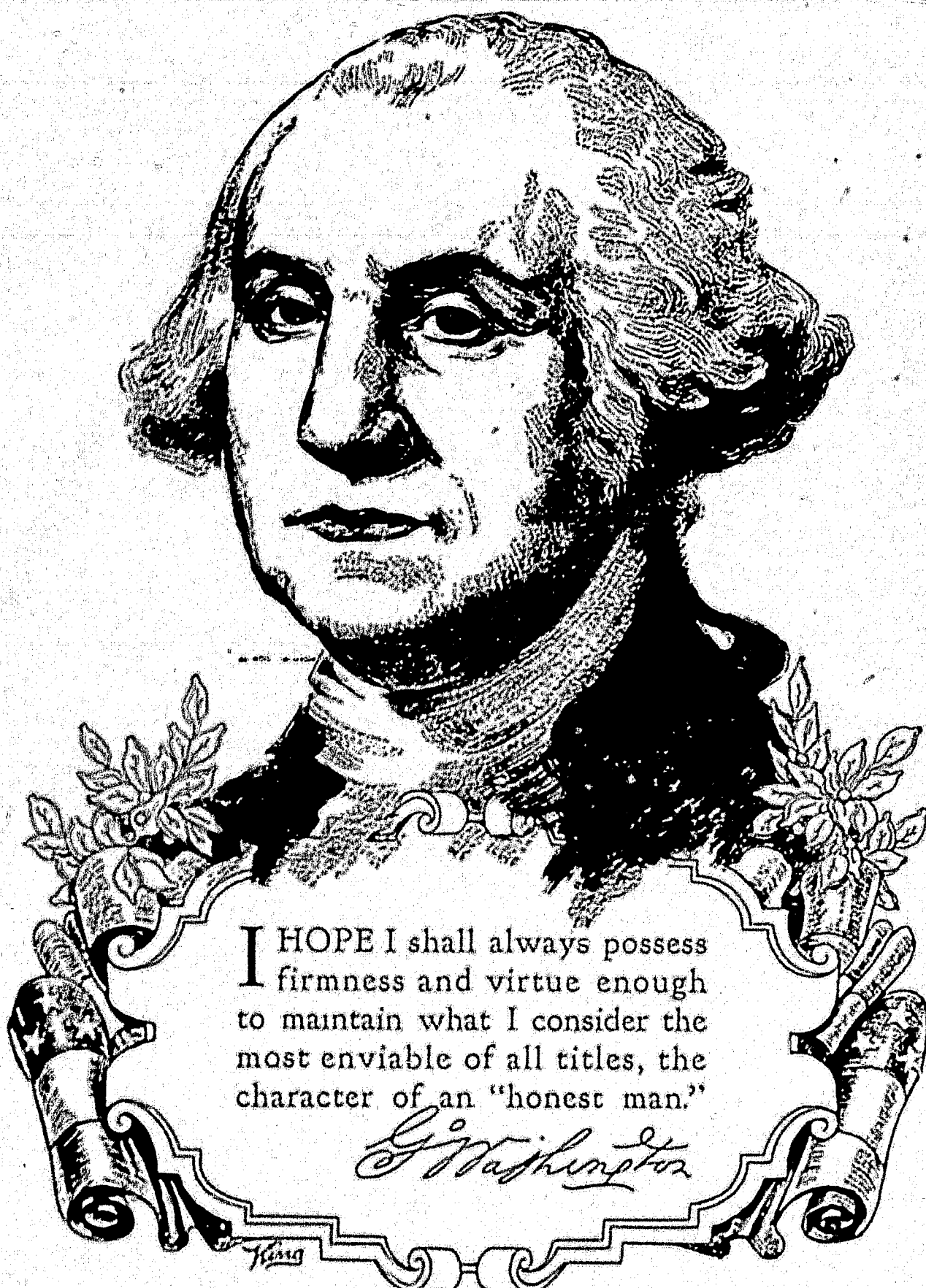


"THE CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST"



I HOPE I shall always possess
firmness and virtue enough
to maintain what I consider the
most enviable of all titles, the
character of an "honest man."

G. Washington

Kenmore House to Be Preserved for the Nation

George Washington's Virginia blue-ribbon was present to bid visitors welcome to the new exhibit at the Kenmore House, which is now open to the public.

Like was very much at home there, Miss Fannie Washington, for the exhibit of the Kenmore House is a reproduction of the mansion of the late George Washington, which was built by her great-grandfather, Betty Washington Lewis, George Washington's oldest sister.

Her great-grandfather, George, was at that pleasant porch through many a summer twilight in the days when as a young man he used to visit his sister at Frederickburg or drop in from his mother's home, right next door.

Generals Met on Porch

And when he virtually had achieved the independence of his country, George Washington invited all the generals who had helped him in the battle of Yorktown to visit Frederickburg and to meet his mother and sister. These on that porch they talked over the great victory and the happy days that dawned ahead.

At the exhibition, Miss Washington, who comes from Frederick County, Virginia, sat on the steps of the first great-grandfather Betty's house, looking out into the big garden before the door, where they grew from four of Washington's Virginia berries, and surrounded a family and some old scenes that have been handed down to the family since the days of her great-grandfather, Samuel Washington, George Washington's brother.

She is a Carter as well as a Washington—her mother descended from "Rice" Carter, a famous Virginia of early days, who earned his title by the way in which he ruled over the destinies of the colonies of the North-east. North a great domain ruled to him by his mother and personal friend, King Charles II.

Many strange tales told the old mansion before the Kenmore House was built. Four years ago, to reverse Kenmore and preserve it as a historic site.

Site and Mansion Bought

The site and the mansion now have been bought, thanks to gifts of \$30,000 from a host of generous donors. Further funds still are needed to complete the work of restoring the mansion to its prime state—that is one reason why the Kenmore House is now the exhibit at the Society's exhibition. Its officers have passed plans to say that not one dollar of

the funds given over has been used for "overhead expenses." The service of the association's administration is all volunteer service.

When George Washington's sister, Betty, married Fielding Lewis, the bridegroom was a man of wealth—quite the richest man in old Frederickburg. He provided a fine home for his wife—a capacious mansion with brick walls two feet thick and with a slate roof, set in the midst of a plantation of 851 acres. Brother George surveyed the site and himself designed the beautiful plaster ornamentation, in elaborate Georgian modeling, which enriches the ceilings and panels about the fireplaces. He saw the plans through to execution this work—after the battle of Trenton.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, Colonel Lewis made the first run for the Colonial soldiers. To



The old Kenmore house at Frederickburg, Va., upon which porch General Washington spent many twilight hours dreaming and planning.

went the end of the Revolution, when funds were low, Colonel Lewis raised \$1000 to aid the cause of independence. He himself advanced \$7000 of his own funds for the guns that won the battle of Yorktown—and never was repaid! He died two weeks after the battle of Yorktown, and the old house was left for debts.

George Preserves Mansion

But George Washington, the richest American of his day, came to the rescue of his sister and her seven children, and saw to it that the mansion remained their home till all the young folks were grown.

The mansion and the plantation eventually passed into other hands. At last only two acres of the original 851 remained attached to the house. Meanwhile Frederickburg had grown—now has some 2000 inhabitants—and there was talk of tearing down the old mansion or turning it into an apartment house.

Then patriotic Virginians came to the rescue. The Kenmore association was formed, to protect this house, as an important historic monument of the Frederickburg Washington called "the place of my growing infancy," the Frederickburg where Washington threw a Spanish dollar across the Rappahannock, the Frederickburg opposite which was the Ferry farm, his boyhood home.

Mrs. Fleming Heads Society

The president of the Kenmore association is Mrs. V. M. Fleming of Frederickburg. Her field secretary is Mrs. Fleming's daughter, Anne Fleming Smith—Mrs. H. H. Smith—herself great-granddaughter of Patrick Henry and Dolly Madison. Mrs. James Starr is chairman of the Pennsylvania branch of the Kenmore association, and there is a chairman in every state.

In the Kenmore association's exhibit at the Palace of Education photographs were shown of many details of the gracious and dignified interior and exterior of the old mansion, of its historic furnishings, many of them Washington family heirlooms, and of a house-plant tree still flourishing next to the house—some survivor of 13 planted there by Washington himself, to shade his mother when she walked over from her home next door.

There were historic places in the exhibit, too—such as the side table once used by Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George Washington, when she dwelt next door to Kenmore.

"Having seen the porch of Kenmore, now don't fail to pay a visit to Kenmore itself!"—as Miss Washington said. The exhibit was a visit to the Kenmore association exhibit at the Resurrectional.

Historic Battle Scenes

They promised much reward in such a visit, a sight of the Rappahannock valley, of the rare picturesqueness and natural beauty; a chance to visit the scene of the battles such as Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and the two battles of Frederickburg—all fought during the Civil war, within fifteen miles of Frederickburg; and a chance to see the home town of the Washingtons and the Lees, of John Paul Jones, and the seven generals of the Revolution—war—the town, too, where Madison and Monroe were educated.

Also the scene of the first American Declaration of Independence. The Declaration was adopted at a meeting in Frederickburg of a committee of which Colonel Lewis was chairman, on April 25, 1773, fifteen months before a certain well-known Fourth of July, and twenty days before the Declaration of Independence.

SENT BY RURAL DELIVERY

By EMMA W. BROSS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

THE good-looking but modest postman on Rural Route 21, District K, experienced a token of interest and a flutter of expectation as he neared the half-tubular zinc receptacle labeled "Adam Foster." Beyond, at the end of a leafy-roofed arcade two hundred feet long, was the substantial, inviting-looking old farmhouse. It held three daughters and two sons. In one of them young Worth Merrill was especially interested. A shy, blushing, fluttering young creature, the morning previous she had fitted down the shady lane to the side of the small cart, light and graceful as some fairy.

He had handed her some letters addressed to her father and a couple of magazines. She had smiled upon him in a way that set his nerves tingling. In her embarrassment she had dropped letters and bundles. Their hands had bumped together as they stooped mutually to recover them. Then both had smiled.

"Could you—would you—that is, I must get a small package to Nellie Blake—you know?—the next farm-house."

"Surely," assented Merrill eagerly. "I can't go there and I can't wait to have it mailed."

"As a private individual I am at your service," bowed Merrill. "Oh, thank you!" and Pearl Foster handed him a neat parcel, smiled bewitchingly and flitted away like a frightened fawn.

The Blake home was the last farmhouse on Merrill's route. He delivered the package to Miss Blake and went on his way, dreaming fondly of the lovely girl who had broken the ice of a mutual acquaintance.

Merrill looked eagerly for his charming ideal the next day, but it was raining so she did not come down to the mail box at the road. The next afternoon was fair, but the farm path leading up to the house was muddy. From the porch, however, Pearl went out, apparently directing the attention of Merrill to a package on top of the letter box.

Merrill saw that it exactly resembled the one he had delivered to Miss Blake two days previous. It felt soft and fluffy and he decided it was some article of feminine adornment, a lace collar, an embroidered handkerchief, or the like. Merrill had heard that the elder sister of Miss Blake was about to be married. This new parcel, he theorized, might be a contribution to a prospective linen shower.

At all events he took it up, waved it at Pearl to indicate that he understood, and his pulse heightened as she vigorously bobbed her pretty head and smiled radiantly.

At the last delivery point Merrill had picked a spray of forget-me-nots. He released the tiny thing of beauty from his buttonhole and placed it between two letters directed to Pearl. Then he went on his way.

The next afternoon he sighted Pearl again on the porch. He hoped she would come to the road in person for the mail. Merrill even waved the letters intended for the house invitingly.

But why Pearl betrayed an inexplicable shyness? She was a creature and half bird behind a post. On top of the small box was a fine bouquet of red roses.

"Ah, another errand to Miss Blake!" soliloquized Merrill, taking up the pretty flowers. He raised them to inhale their delicate perfume. Then his heart beat fast. Was it fancy? Could it be reality? Pearl had waited him a light kiss with a lighter cooling laugh, and had flown into the house as if hiding some conscious guilt in a breach of decorum.

Miss Blake stared strangely at Merrill as he handed her the bouquet. She looked at him as if misanderstanding. Then she smiled quietly, but she took the flowers and thanked him.

By this time Merrill was head over heels in love with Pearl. His heart fluttered in his throat that she was interested in him. In the next morning she did not even appear on the porch.

The second morning she passed across the lawn, her chin high in the air. She actually turned her back upon him.

The third morning there was a sheet of paper across the mail box. It bore one word:

"Stupid!"

Merrill went his way, pondering. When his route was finished he dropped the reins of the old horse, sat back in the gig listlessly and saw life and all its hopes and motives drop into a sea of desponding gloom.

"What does it mean?" he murmured dejectedly. "Stupid—stupid! It was meant for me, but why?"

The horse, left gulphed had strayed from the road into a thicket. In his present listless mood Merrill allowed him to graze. His day's labors were over and he was in a frame of mind where solitude was a boon. Suddenly, however, Merrill was startled by the echo of a vivid scream.

"That is a woman's voice!" he decided, and leaped from the gig and dashed through the undergrowth in the direction from which the cry had sounded.

Miss Blake stood rigid with fear, confronted by a brawny tramp, who, dressed in hand, menaced her.

"Out with that purse and off with

your jewelry, my pretty!" ordered the man, and then he went sprawling at a well-directed blow from the strong fist of Merrill and made off baffled, as Merrill caught the half-fainting girl in his arms.

Miss Blake was hysterical with gratitude, but in a few moments had somewhat regained her composure.

"I had just left Pearl—that is, Miss Foster," she explained, "when that horrid man came along."

"Then perhaps that fellow has started after her—began Merrill in an anxious tone.

"Oh, she is surely home" by this time," interrupted Miss Blake. Then she paused. There seemed to be something on her mind. She finally placed a pleading hand on his own.

"You have been so good to me," she spoke falteringly, "I think I should tell you something about—about Pearl."

"Anything about Miss Foster will be of infinite importance to me," assured Merrill ardently.

"But—but it is a breach of confidence, perhaps," she hesitated. Then she burst out, "It was about those flowers."

"Oh, the roses Miss Foster sent you?"

"She did not mean them for me."

"Indeed?" questioned Merrill puzzled.

"No. They were intended for—

you."

"For me? Oh, I understand now!" cried Merrill in a quick, comprehensive grasp. "Why, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Your forget-me-nots—"

"I fancied she would scarcely notice them."

"Was it not a floral message?" inquired Miss Blake archly.

"And the roses were—"

"A reply. In the language of flowers—you should feel honored."

"And 'Stupid!' indeed, was it?" exclaimed Merrill, joyously.

"Poor Pearl!" continued Miss Blake. "She had been searching the woods for some gruesome plant that would express her heartbreak."

"She need not, if the assurance that I read her good will at last and am eager to tell her how happy she has made me!" cried Merrill in a riotous fervor of delight.

"Suppose—suppose you come over to our house tonight?" gently suggested Miss Blake.

"Suppose I do?" submitted Merrill hopefully.

"Pearl will be there. You can tell her all about your modest mistake."

Which Merrill did, in a quiet corner of the pretty garden, amid sleeping roses, and the chiming crickets, and the sweet white moonlight and—love!

Much Material Today for Interesting Diary

It is a thousand pities that the very fact of her more crowded and more interesting existence makes very difficult for the modern woman the keeping of an old-fashioned diary in a well-fashioned manner.

It is undeniably true that a sort of mystic charm emanates from the pages of the humblest old-world "journal intime." And how much more absorbing would be the day-to-day chronicle of a woman merged in the swift movement of these times.

The modern woman would fill her diary with records that would build up the gradual mosaic of her changed domestic designs and portray the quickening spirit of change in the household regime that has given her a larger liberty; with records of the innumerable ways in which she has used that new freedom to express her inner self.

It would be stimulating to know that somewhere among the ranks of women there has been a resurrection of the diary habit.

For, indeed, "one never can tell." The past has proved that the little natural, unforced, faithfully recorded happenings and impressions of today can be the literature—with a capital "L"—of tomorrow.

Great Railway Tunnels

Notable railway tunnels of the world are the Simplon in the Alps, connecting Italy and Switzerland, length 12 miles; Mount St. Gothard, connecting Italy and Switzerland 9½ miles; Mount Cenis, also in the Alps, connecting France and Italy, 8 miles; Arlberg, in Austria, 4 miles; the Cossiga, on the line of the Canadian Pacific railway, under Mount Macdonald, of the Selkirk range of the Rocky mountains, in British Columbia, 5 miles in length, with two railway tracks; the Hoosac Mountain tunnel, in western Massachusetts, 4½ miles; the St. Clair tunnel, carrying the lines of the Canadian National railways under the St. Clair river, between Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich., 2 miles.

In the Modern Way

A pretty girl was courted by a man of great wealth and a fellow of small means.

The former showered her with all varieties of costly gifts and feted her in sumptuous fashion. The impetuous one gave her only his devotion. For it was all he had to give. Still, devotion is a beautiful thing, even in these modern times.

So she fell in love with the poor fellow. But she married the rich one.

Dilemma

"Who is the greatest American statesman?"

"That's an embarrassing question," rejoined Senator Borah. "If I say I am, I'll be accused of egotism. If I say I'm not, my constituents will be disappointed."—Washington Star.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of each month. Mrs. Alice Rowe, W. M.; Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerckhoven, Secretary.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. A. H. Gibbs, N. G.; D. M. Forbes, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Mrs. Gertrude Boyker, N. G.; Mrs. Emily B. Forbes, Secretary.

SUBBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Grange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. H. C. Rowe, C. C.; Kenneth McInnis, K. of R. and S.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 68, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Minnie Bennett, M. E. C.; Mrs. Hester Sanborn, M. of R. and C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. H. Hutchinson, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 38, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lottie Inman, President; Mrs. Lillie Burbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Tuell, Adjutant.

COL. C. S. EDWARDS CAMP, NO. 72, S. O. F. V., meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms. B. H. Smith, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, P. O. H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. W. Morse, M.; Eva W. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent-Teachers' Association, Meeting 2nd Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year. Pres., Arthur Horrick; Secretary, Mrs. R. R. Tibbets.

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The DO by A

W.H.O. SERVICE

CHAPTER

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The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO, GOLD ETC.

WNU SERVICE

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CHAPTER VI

Into the Wilderness

"No, we will go to Murray's tavern," I said. "I will ask him if he thinks he can commit assassination here in the town as he does in the forest."

"Good," rejoined Ta-wan-nears impatiently. "I will accompany my brother here."

I remembered that De Veulle lodged at Caverton's, and hesitated.

"Let my brother Ormerod be at ease," added the Indian. "Ta-wan-nears has mastered his hatred."

"I, too, hate your enemy," I said. "He was silent for as much as ten paces."

"My brother means De Veulle," he asked.

"Yes; I once crossed swords with him."

"And he lives! Did he wound my brother?"

I recounted briefly the circumstances of the duel at the Tolson d'Or. He made no comment until I had finished. "I am glad my brother spared him," he said then. "For Ta-wan-nears has often prayed to Ha-ven-ne-yu, the Great Spirit, to give him the life of this man who lives as though he were one of the fiends of the Gogosa (False Faces)."

At Caverton's we looked in vain for Murray or any of his party in the taproom and ordinary, so without a word to the servants we ascended the stairs to the upper floor. In the hall I halted momentarily, considering which door to knock upon, when the puzzle was solved by the opening of the one by which we stood.

My Lady appeared, and she started back in amazement, tinged with fear, at sight of me and the stalwart, half-naked figure of the Seneca.

I bowed to her.

"Good evening, Mistress Murray," I said. "I am come with my friend for a word with your father."

"He is engaged," she answered quickly.

"That may be, but I must speak with him on a matter of much importance. I am obliged to ask your father for the second time if he condones assassination in the dark."

Her eyes widened with horror, then darkened with stony anger.

"Sir, you are monstrous impudent!" she exclaimed. "How dare you suggest such a thing?"

"Because it occurred a quarter-hour past."

"And because you are assailed by some footpad in a disreputable part of the town, is that a reason for you to charge Master Murray with assassination?" she demanded with high contempt.

"Oh, I have proof," I said.

My anger grew with hers. It maddened me that this girl, who I knew was honest, should be arrayed against me, should hold for me the contempt of a clean woman for a man she deemed a traitor.

The door behind her opened, and Murray himself came out.

"I thought I heard voices—Ah, Master Juggins—"

"Ormerod," I interrupted suavely. His eyebrows expressed polite astonishment.

"Be sure. Forgive my stupidity. It hath gone so far as that already, hath it?"

"It hath gone so far as that attempted assassination—for the second time," I retorted.

"Assassination? Tut, tut," he retorted. "Master Ormerod, you use strong language. And why in this little town of ours would seek to murder a gentleman new-landed like yourself?"

Ta-wan-nears stepped to the front. "Does Murray know this scalp?"

He permitted an end of the lock of Boling's hair to show through his stained fingers.

Murray shrank back in terror. Murray's face became convulsed with passion.

"Sdeath!" he swore. "If Boling is dead by this savage's hand I will know the whereabouts of it! What! Do the troglodytes take scalps within the city?"

Ta-wan-nears laughed, and slowly opened his fist to reveal the single lock of hair.

"Ta-wan-nears only takes the scalps of honorable warriors," he said in his smooth, low-pitched voice. "But the Red Death escaped tonight by the width of these hairs. Does Murray think Ta-wan-nears would have been angry with Ta-wan-nears if the locks had struck true?"

Murray wiped beads of perspiration from his face.

"So 'twas Boling?" he muttered. "Curse the knave! What hath he done?"

"No more than attempted to murder me, sir—as I have attempted to tell you," I answered ironically.

Marjory came forward, hands clasped in exhortation.

"It isn't so! It can't be so! Tell him he lies, sir!" she pleaded with Murray.

He put her gently to one side.

"Peace, peace, my dear," he said. "You do not understand."

"But Boling was one of your people, sir. You told me—"

"Tut, tut, my dear Marjory. You are new to this new world of ours. The frontier is not like Scotland. We must work with what tools we find. I say it to my sorrow—and he said it furthermore without even the twitch of an eyelid—I am compelled occasionally to consort with men I might prefer to do without."

He gave his attention once more to me.

"In a word, Master Ormerod, what hath happened that you approach me in so hostile a spirit?"

"In a word, Master Murray," I replied, "your man Boling, or 'The Red Death,' as he seems to be known in these parts, tried to kill me with knife and hatchet this evening."

"I am constrained to believe you," he said with an appearance of much sorrow, "but I cannot hold myself responsible, sir. As it happens, Boling was a friend of mine."

"One of the merchants at the table, a very decent appearing man, soberly dressed and with much good sense in his face, caught me up."

"This strange that you should have come to Master Murray after such an attempt as you mention, sir, he began in conciliatory fashion. 'But fortunately we were present this afternoon when Master Murray dismissed the man from his employ, in consequence of his dishonesty and misdealing during Master Murray's absence.'"

"Yes," he said, "a second merchant, 'and sure, the knave must have attacked you hoping 'twould be brought against Master Murray.'"

"Not to speak of the fact he was in great need of funds, Master Murray having refused to grant certain demands he made," suggested a third.

I bowed.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am satisfied—that Master Murray hath a stout case. There is no more need be said."

"Ah, but there is more to be said," I said. "Think of your own self, sir, to be forever believing against others motives which you know yourself to be laden with. You were once an honorable man. Why do you not mend your ways and regain the self-respect of your kind?"

"God send there be an honorable man to hand when your need comes, mistress," I said. "Good evening, gentlemen."

Murray escorted us to the door.

Ta-wan-nears walked beside me without speaking until we had left the tavern.

"I understand your thoughts, my brother," he said suddenly. "We go upon the same quest."

"Quest?" I repeated. "What quest?"

"We each seek a soul which is lost, a sick soul."

I remembered his rage against De Veulle, and caught his meaning.

"Yes, that is true of you, Ta-wan-nears. But there is no soul which I have the right to seek."

"Nevertheless, my brother would find the soul of the maiden and guard it," he insisted. "I have seen."

"I saw the grave smile, with a hint of pleading, on his face; and I reached out and caught his hand."

"Whatever be the end of my search, brother," I said, "I will go to the setting sun, and beyond it need be, to aid you to find the soul which you seek."

"The same words are in my heart, brother," he replied simply.

"Bolling hath disappeared," said Governor Burnett. "I have given orders to all officers and troops and town officials that he is to be detained if he ventures to appear, but the knave—or I should say his master—is too wise. By the way, an express arrived from Fort Orange (Albany) last night and reported having spoken Murray's party in the Tappan zone. He will be a good three days ahead of you, 'twould seem."

"I am not sorry," I answered. "Have you any further instructions for me, sir?"

The governor unfolded the map of the wilderness country which he had exhibited to me during my first visit (TO BE CONTINUED)

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"I am not sorry," I answered. "Have you any further instructions for me, sir?"

The governor unfolded the map of the wilderness country which he had exhibited to me during my first visit (TO BE CONTINUED)

"Bolling hath disappeared," said Governor Burnett. "I have given orders to all officers and troops and town officials that he is to be detained if he ventures to appear, but the knave—or I should say his master—is too wise. By the way, an express arrived from Fort Orange (Albany) last night and reported having spoken Murray's party in the Tappan zone. He will be a good three days ahead of you, 'twould seem."

VALUABLE FURS FROM FAR NORTH

Season in Alaska Is Reported to Be Good.

Seattle, Wash.—Smelling of the wilderness and the smoke of trappers' cabins, large bales of valuable furs are arriving here from the far North-west to a reception by greedy fur buyers, representing a pet-hungry market in New York and London.

There are thousands of muskrat, mink, and ermine; large numbers of otter, lynx and beaver; fewer martens and wolverines, with a sprinkling of the various-hued foxes.

Trappers report a good season in Alaska, Yukon territory and northwest Canada. Fur bearers increased the last year at an amazing rate because of the abundance of hares, birds and other natural food sources.

The trapping season is about one-third over in Alaska and the Yukon country, while in the Arctic reaches it has just begun.

Prices for all kinds of fur are steady with a tendency upward as is justified by the quality of the offerings. Practically all the furs shipped here are dispatched at once to extensive manufacturing centers for immediate use. The amount of furs on hand in apparel shops in New York is the smallest in years, due to the heavy demand for garments so adorned.

The Seattle fur exchange held its monthly fur sale recently, at which time the largest collection of northwest and Siberian furs ever assembled here was sold. The value of the pelts ran close to \$1,000,000.

This winter, dealers for buyers, the quality of peltries is far above the average.

There is no slowing down in the demand for furs, so dealers expect higher prices in retail centers.

South African Observer Finds Year's First Comet

Cambridge, Mass.—The first comet of 1927 was found by an amateur astronomer in South Africa on the eve of the first anniversary of his discovery of the second comet of 1926.

According to advices reaching Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard college observatory here, from the International Bureau of Astronomical Telegrams of Copenhagen, Denmark, the amateur, Blantyre, by name, picked up a ninth magnitude comet on Thursday, January 13. It was on January 10, 1926, that he discovered the first comet, which was named after him.

When he located the new visitor early on the morning of January 13, it was in the constellation of Scorpio, which can be seen low in the southern sky just before sunrise at this time of year. Astronomically its position at the time of discovery is expressed as 15 hours 44 minutes right ascension, and 29 degrees 46 minutes south declination. It was moving to the southeast, which makes it still lower in the sky for American observers, so probably no observers in northern countries will be able to see it at all. At Braamfontein, near Johannesburg, where the discoverer is located, however, it is now almost directly overhead at sunrise, and though it is too faint to be seen except with a telescope, it will probably be observed by other observatories in the southern hemisphere.

Bees Bring Wealth Out of Vast Swamp

Waycross, Ga.—Though never fully explored by man (Okefenokee swamp), known to the Indians as the land of crumbling earth, has been encompassed by an industry of 400,000,000 tiny workers.

The last flock of a 200-mile chain of bees has just been completed within the 600 square miles of swampy land, located in southern Georgia and northern Florida. Abundant in thousands of flowers, gall berries, tupelo and black gums and red bays, the swamp now supplies a large part of the honey in eastern and southern markets.

Besides the treacherous earth, the beekeepers have other obstacles. Bees have learned to protect themselves from the bees while satisfying their appetite for honey. After sneaking their bodies with rosin fresh from pine trees, the bees follow to mud, giving themselves an armor the bees cannot penetrate.

Try This Puzzle; It's Too Much for Arkansans

Little Rock, Ark.—Persons now in the employ of the state evidently are not mathematically minded persons, according to Governor Martin, who has a problem on his hands that nobody has been able to solve.

A Craighead county farmer wrote him to find out how much corn he has in his crib. He evidently believed that the governor was the man to apply to, for he recited that he wanted an answer "under the Arkansas law."

The dimensions of the crib, which is full of corn in the bush, are:

Length, 40 feet; width at bottom, 10 feet; width at top, 11 feet 6 inches; depth of corn, 6 1/2 feet.

But Single Shaker Left in Old Home

Pioneers Built Village After 1,000 Mile Walk.

Lebanon, Ohio.—A picturesque settlement which existed in Warren county for more than a century has finally broken up, and today there remains here but one member of the Shaker sect, a denomination that had its genesis in 1805.

The remaining member of the Shakers is Elder James Fennessy, an aged man who has elected to spend the rest of his life in the community in which he was born and raised. In this thriving little town Elder Fennessy remains with his books, clinging stubbornly to the old traditions of the Shakers. As far as it is known, there is but one other living person who was a member of this colony. Sister Ellen Ross, once a leader in the colony, is living with relatives in Indiana.

Arrival of First Shakers.

The first Shaker settlement was founded near here in 1805, when in March of that year three men wearing broad brimmed hats and dressed in the fashion of the early Quakers appeared at Turtle Creek, four miles west of Lebanon. They had left New Lebanon, N. Y., the last day of January on foot, stopping for a short time in Kentucky.

The Sunday after John Meacham, Benjamin Young, and Issacher Bates arrived they obtained permission of the pastor of Turtle Creek church to occupy his pulpit. There followed a revival and the pastor and several members of his congregation were converted to "the United Society of Believers," as the Shakers called themselves.

The popularity of the new sect spread rapidly. Within a month a dozen families had embraced Shakerism and had given their property to the church. Many who became members owned large tracts of land which they all consecrated to the use of the church.

In May, 1805, the society was duly organized at Union Village. As the years sped by the community prospered and gradually acquired more than 4,000 acres of some of the most valuable land in Warren county. The village extended about a mile along one street. The houses and shops were large, many of them of brick and all neat and substantial.

Curiously Garbed.

The men wore gray homespun, woven at the village. The little girls dressed like their mothers and their grandmothers. They wore long-sleeved white caps without ribbon or lace, except two pieces of white tape for tying under the chin. Beads, necklaces or ornaments of any kind were banned. Their long skirts were full and plain and gathered in at the waist. They wore straw bonnets, made in the village, called "Shaker bonnets" to this day.

The people of this quaint village walked to church in single file, the men going in one door and the women in another. Before dancing, which was part of their worship, the men removed their coats.

In 1829 Union Village reached its zenith in population with 500 members. Every house was plain and painted brown, the walls white plaster. No ornamentation of any kind was allowed.

In 1913 the heads of the society in East Canterbury in conjunction with the remaining elders at Union Village decided to sell the property.

Elder Fennessy is virtually a recluse and about the only connection he maintains with the world in general is through his radio.

River Wilds of Peru to Be Surveyed From Air

Washington.—Unknown regions of the Amazon river wilds in Peru are to be surveyed from the air by pilots operating a fleet of passenger and mail carrying machines, orders for which soon will be placed in this country by Commander H. B. Grow of the American naval mission assigned to Peru.

Commander Grow announced here that he would place orders for six airplanes with American manufacturers for delivery in Peru by July.

"Aerial mapping of the region," he said, "probably will uncover areas of oil, gold and agriculture lands."

Early Summer Predicted by Aged Indian Oracle

Hoquiam, Wash.—The Northwest states will soon be basking in the sunshine of an early summer, according to "Ticus Jim," Taholah, centennial and seer of the Quinault Indian tribe. With the exception of a few rainstorms, no more bad weather is in store, says the aged Indian. "No more ice, no more snow, no more cold, soon come warm weather, pretty quick," declared the venerable oracle. "Next month, plenty rain, warm then. Plenty warm—fine."

Announces Own Death

Stetson, Germany.—In an effort to cover her tracks, Ethelred Hencke, twenty-four-year-old secretary, wanted by the police for forgery and swindling, had a conspicuous notice of her death inserted in a local newspaper.

Still They Come

Washington.—Radio broadcast stations keep on growing in number. The last compilation showed approximately 1,500 in the United States.

NEW FUEL STATION FOR NORTH PACIFIC

Stopover on "Great Circle" Route Provided.

Tacoma, Wash.—For the first time in the history of transpacific shipping vessels of American steamship lines will be enabled to make a stopover along the "Great Circle" route to Japan and China by the establishment of a fueling station on Kiska Island, at the end of the long Aleutian chain.

One of the paramount advantages of a fueling station about half way across the ocean is the conservation of space for cargo. During recent months the American line vessels have carried capacity loads and cargo offerings have been refused because of the necessity of reserving ample storage for the enormous quantity of fuel required in the eleven to fourteen-day trip of constant steaming.

When the fueling facilities on Kiska Island are feasible the big ships need carry only enough coal and oil to reach the reserve supply there.

The United States navy has held a claim on Kiska Island for many years for its fueling and naval advantages in case of war. In the case of its being used soon in peaceful vocations excellent quality of coal and possibly crude oil may be found near Anchorage, Alaska. It is also known that coal exists on the island itself as well as on others of the Aleutian chain.

Out on the end of the Aleutian islands is Attu, the farthest west of the North American continent. When the summer's sun has set on Attu it is rising on the coast of Maine. Nearby is Kiska Island, potential naval base and mid-Pacific fueling station.

As a further aid to navigation it is planned to establish on Kiska a gliding radio station located in a strategic position to be in communication with shipping in all parts of the north Pacific.

Mary, 'Champ' Mouser, Has Post With U. S.

Washington.—There is a cat called Mary, whose white coat bears unmistakable evidence that her vague ancestry includes at least one member of the tortoiseshell persuasion. She is not a large cat, but she is, certainly, a feminist and occupies a position of trust and importance in the nation's government.

Mary prefers to work at night and sleep in the daytime. Her post of duty is that section of the extensive capitol basement which lies directly beneath the celebrated dome—the hub of one of the main wheels in the governmental machinery. There the cats are plentiful and Mary does well, earning not only a good living but a reputation as a good mouser.

Other cats have similar assignments in different parts of the old basement, but Mary seems to have the most notable record. Considering the age of the basement and the number of holes and crannies that offer harbor to rats, David Lynn, architect of the capitol, sees little likelihood that the staff of mousers will have a chance for some time to become lazy through lack of work.

Counterfeiter's Error Produces a \$15 Bill

Chicago.—Alfred Jones, a skillful engraver and printer, turned out such perfect imitations of whiskey and other labels that he even drank part of the contents of a bottle bearing one of his own labels and spent several painful days recovering.

Then, when he emerged from the hospital he purchased a few blank plates and some suitable chisels and went to work on another project.

Two weeks ago the Department of Justice became aware that somebody was issuing counterfeit paper currency and secret service men traced it to Jones, who had made the fatal error of passing one of his new bills on his landlady.

"Why did you make a \$15 bill?" inquired the chief of staff.

"Typographical error," said Mr. Jones, as he was led away. "I intended to make a \$25 bill."

New Machine Extracts Oil From Shale and Sand

Washington.—A process which extracts usable petroleum products from oil shale rock, oil-saturated sands, and surface bitumens has been devised by two engineers of the bureau of mines, C. P. Howle and J. M. Gysin. The process may be of great economic value in the future, the bureau declares, because it will enable the production of lubricants and fuel in the United States long after the present liquid and freely flowing deposits of oil have been exhausted.

Farmers to Tame Wild Berries of Far West

Woodlawn, Wash.—Huckleberries and their cousins, the buckberries, growing wild in the West for ages past, have succumbed to the farmer's mission-aries, and next will appear on the markets as cultivated fruits. Demonstrations and experiments have shown these forest vines to much better under cultivation, fertilizing and tending to trellis work. The planters may expect to great blazes and better berries under their favorite crust.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas death having again entered our Order and taken from us our beloved brother, Past Master Albert C. Jones, be it resolved:

That as his work is now ended, may the careful life he lived, and the memory of his many and truly Masonic virtues be ours to imitate, leading us to our progress through life and giving us that fortitude which he exemplified at the hour of his death.

Resolved: That as a lodge we do mourn our loss, as brothers we miss the kindly face and ability of this man who was loved by us now living, who was respected by us now dead, and who was laboring for the betterment of friends and neighbors, as we ought now to imitate.

Resolved: That as a lodge we extend to his family our sympathy, sincere, deep, and affectionate, and point steadfastly toward "Him who death will change not."

Be it resolved: That we cause these resolutions to be spread upon our records, a copy sent to the family of our late brother, and published in the Oxford County Citizen.

H. C. HOWE,
T. L. BROWN.

Com. on Resolutions,
Bethel Lodge, No. 97, F. & A. M.
February 10, 1927.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas our brother, Rev. Eliza L. Thompson, has been called from this life to the life beyond, be it resolved:

That to us be left that example of loyalty to truth and brotherhood which is ours by the example of his life, and in his death may we be mindful of the brevity of human life and the uncertainty of human existence. May the obligations he took with us be made more a part of our daily life by this token.

Be it resolved: That by reading a copy of these resolutions to his bereaved family, we explain to them in a genuine and good way the loss of a good brother and our sympathy to them in their hour of sorrow.

Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon our records and published in the Oxford County Citizen.

H. C. HOWE,
T. L. BROWN.

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LOCKE'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Albert and family of South Paris were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank King at their home, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

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THE J. E. JONES LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

than a possibility that denuding our lands of their forests would result in such a continual and serious drain upon other resources as to approach the proportions of a financial calamity.

American, in regard to her forests, could well take a lesson from the findings of American observers in the hills of Greece, Turkey, Armenia and Asia Minor.

SUNSHINE IDEAS

A United States Senator says that the practical thing to do with the surplus money in the United States Treasury is to use some of it to reduce the principal and interest of the public debt. He says that individuals and corporations use their surplus money in that way and that the Government might do the same. The idea was so "original" that it made quite an impression on the Senators.

NEGRO COLLEGES

Attempts are being made to build up a system of negro colleges throughout the nation. Northern negroes have become very prosperous in the late years, and some of the best of them are anxious to improve the educational conditions of their race.

MIDDLE INTERVALE ROAD

Mrs. Chas. Capen visited her sister at the village one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Goodridge and ten children spent Sunday with their grandparents here.

Masters Dick and Stanley, Carter spent Sunday at their uncle's, Charles Capen's.

Mrs. Satterlee spent the day at Howard's one day last week.

Mr. Roy Cotton and son were up from Paris, Sunday, and spent the day at Walter Holmstrom's.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Abel Andrews were week-end guests of their son, Arthur, at Hyatt Pond.

Mrs. Bernard Allen has gone to Norway.

Tom Stearns was home from Gould Academy over the week-end.

Harold Connel called at James Kimball's, Sunday, also Donald Lewis.

Mrs. Sylvia Mattson is improving each day at the hospital.

Leon Kimball is working in the woods for Will Stearns.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stearns were week-end guests of relatives in Bethel.

Mrs. Wanda B. and son Arthur, were in South Waterford on the Sabbath.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Abrell were in Bethel, on Sunday, Friday.

Mrs. W. F. Hall and Mr. H. P. West were in Bethel, on Sunday, Friday.

George Holmstrom is spending a few days of the home of his father, C. M. Holmstrom.

Carlisle Lewis was a life member, Mrs. E. J. Allen, Sunday.

EXTENSION SERVICE PUBLICATIONS FREE

Extension Service publications which may be obtained free of charge by mailing County Agent H. P. Thomas, South Paris, Maine.

117 Leaf folder for Hogs

118 Home Made Meat Saus

119 Hatching and Rearing Chickens

120 Direction for Determining the Percentage of Butterfat in Milk and Cream by the Babcock Test

121 Farm Antiseptics

122 Forest Planting in Maine

123 Preparing Poultry and Eggs for Market

124 Poultry Housing

BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. S. C. Machin is assisting in the Star Lunch.

C. E. Tidswell was in Upton on business this week.

About ten inches of snow fell Sunday night and Monday.

George Stanley of Dixfield was a visitor in town Friday.

Mrs. P. E. Donahue was in Berlin, N. H., one day last week.

Lloyd Laxton has employment in L. W. Russell Co.'s store.

Mrs. A. Bailey of Kennebunkport is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Boyker.

Mrs. Charlie Kimball of Berlin was last week's guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin.

Quite a number from here attended the carnival at Rumford, Monday and Tuesday.

Watch the paper next week for Dean & Fox Co.'s annual 5-day sale starting March 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Robertson have returned from Ketchikan where they have been employed for several weeks.

C. E. Tidswell was in Turner a few days last week to visit his son, William Tidswell, who has been ill with the flu.

Don't forget the Parent-Teacher play, Feb. 18. Good specialties. Home-made candy on sale. Good music. Dancing after the show.

Mr. and Mrs. Syll Leclair are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a fine pound son in their home Thursday, Feb. 16. Mrs. Charles Reed is caring for mother and child.

WEST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hall and children of Bethel were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Head.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bennett and daughter, Margaret, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Reed at Auburn a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ingram of Bethel visited Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Leman, Sunday.

Frank Plante of Bethel was in town Sunday.

Grandfather returned to Bethel Sunday, Friday, after spending several days at his home here.

Fred Mearns was called home from Waterville by the illness of his father, A. D. Mearns.

NOTION

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Jerry T. Kimball, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and gives bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are directed to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are to be paid immediately.

ADRIAN H. C. FISKE,
Jan. 29th, 1927. Bethel, Maine.

Leaves on Whole Country.
When Minnesota's sultan decides to marry, the whole country becomes shrouded in gloom, as every subject must contribute a wedding present.

Authorized Dealer
RCA

The place to buy your Radiolas.

RCA Loudspeakers and RCA Accessories

We are glad to announce that we have been selected by the Radio Corporation of America to sell and service Radiolas, RCA Loudspeakers and RCA Accessories.

Radiolas, RCA Loudspeakers, 313 to 317, 318 to 324, 325 to 334, 335 to 344, 345 to 354, 355 to 364, 365 to 374, 375 to 384, 385 to 394, 395 to 404, 405 to 414, 415 to 424, 425 to 434, 435 to 444, 445 to 454, 455 to 464, 465 to 474, 475 to 484, 485 to 494, 495 to 504, 505 to 514, 515 to 524, 525 to 534, 535 to 544, 545 to 554, 555 to 564, 565 to 574, 575 to 584, 585 to 594, 595 to 604, 605 to 614, 615 to 624, 625 to 634, 635 to 644, 645 to 654, 655 to 664, 665 to 674, 675 to 684, 685 to 694, 695 to 704, 705 to 714, 715 to 724, 725 to 734, 735 to 744, 745 to 754, 755 to 764, 765 to 774, 775 to 784, 785 to 794, 795 to 804, 805 to 814, 815 to 824, 825 to 834, 835 to 844, 845 to 854, 855 to 864, 865 to 874, 875 to 884, 885 to 894, 895 to 904, 905 to 914, 915 to 924, 925 to 934, 935 to 944, 945 to 954, 955 to 964, 965 to 974, 975 to 984, 985 to 994, 995 to 1004, 1005 to 1014, 1015 to 1024, 1025 to 1034, 1035 to 1044, 1045 to 1054, 1055 to 1064, 1065 to 1074, 1075 to 1084, 1085 to 1094, 1095 to 1104, 1105 to 1114, 1115 to 1124, 1125 to 1134, 1135 to 1144, 1145 to 1154, 1155 to 1164, 1165 to 1174, 1175 to 1184, 1185 to 1194, 1195 to 1204, 1205 to 1214, 1215 to 1224, 1225 to 1234, 1235 to 1244, 1245 to 1254, 1255 to 1264, 1265 to 1274, 1275 to 1284, 1285 to 1294, 1295 to 1304, 1305 to 1314, 1315 to 1324, 1325 to 1334, 1335 to 1344, 1345 to 1354, 1355 to 1364, 1365 to 1374, 1375 to 1384, 1385 to 1394, 1395 to 1404, 1405 to 1414, 1415 to 1424, 1425 to 1434, 1435 to 1444, 1445 to 1454, 1455 to 1464, 1465 to 1474, 1475 to 1484, 1485 to 1494, 1495 to 1504, 1505 to 1514, 1515 to 1524, 1525 to 1534, 1535 to 1544, 1545 to 1554, 1555 to 1564, 1565 to 1574, 1575 to 1584, 1585 to 1594, 1595 to 1604, 1605 to 1614, 1615 to 1624, 1625 to 1634, 1635 to 1644, 1645 to 1654, 1655 to 1664, 1665 to 1674, 1675 to 1684, 1685 to 1694, 1695 to 1704, 1705 to 1714, 1715 to 1724, 1725 to 1734, 1735 to 1744, 1745 to 1754, 1755 to 1764, 1765 to 1774, 1775 to 1784, 1785 to 1794, 1795 to 1804, 1805 to 1814, 1815 to 1824, 1825 to 1834, 1835 to 1844, 1845 to 1854, 1855 to 1864, 1865 to 1874, 1875 to 1884, 1885 to 1894, 1895 to 1904, 1905 to 1914, 1915 to 1924, 1925 to 1934, 1935 to 1944, 1945 to 1954, 1955 to 1964, 1965 to 1974, 1975 to 1984, 1985 to 1994, 1995 to 2004, 2005 to 2014, 2015 to 2024, 2025 to 2034, 2035 to 2044, 2045 to 2054, 2055 to 2064, 2065 to 2074, 2075 to 2084, 2085 to 2094, 2095 to 2104, 2105 to 2114, 2115 to 2124, 2125 to 2134, 2135 to 2144, 2145 to 2154, 2155 to 2164, 2165 to 2174, 2175 to 2184, 2185 to 2194, 2195 to 2204, 2205 to 2214, 2215 to 2224, 2225 to 2234, 2235 to 2244, 2245 to 2254, 2255 to 2264, 2265 to 2274, 2275 to 2284, 2285 to 2294, 2295 to 2304, 2305 to 2314, 2315 to 2324, 2325 to 2334, 2335 to 2344, 2345 to 2354, 2355 to 2364, 2365 to 2374, 2375 to 2384, 2385 to 2394, 2395 to 2404, 2405 to 2414, 2415 to 2424, 2425 to 2434, 2435 to 2444, 2445 to 2454, 2455 to 2464, 2465 to 2474, 2475 to 2484, 2485 to 2494, 2495 to 2504, 2505 to 2514, 2515 to 2524, 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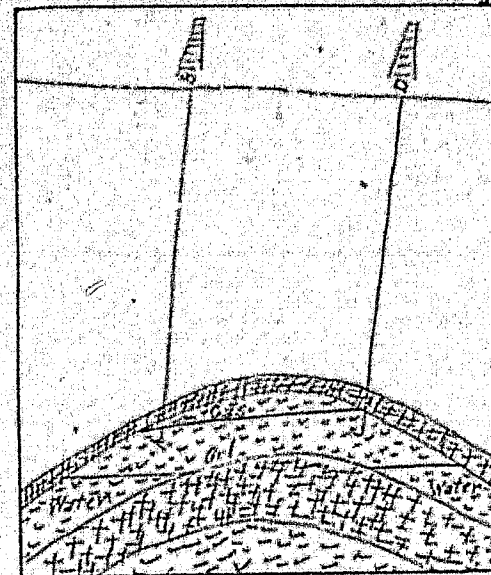
U. S. Authority Sees Ample Motor Fuel for Long Future



HARRY H. HILL
CHIEF PETROLEUM ENGINEER, UNITED STATES BUREAU OF MINES



WORKERS IN GAS MASKS AT AN OIL WELL



MR. HILL'S IMPROMPTU SKETCH OF AN OIL DOME

EXPERIMENTAL OIL SHALE REDUCTION PLANT

The U. S. Bureau of Mines is confident that motor fuel supplies will be ample for many years to meet all needs of the country's millions of automobiles. Harry H. Hill, chief petroleum engineer of the Bureau, here tells the reasons for this conviction, and sketches the advances in industrial methods which justify his opinions.

By HARRY H. HILL

Chief Petroleum Engineer, United States Bureau of Mines.

ONE reason why there is no real oil out. How to shut off the water soon to worry greatly about motor fuel for a long time ahead is that people are worrying about it. Interest in such a question at the right time, is the best insurance against disaster. The President and the Federal Oil Corporation Board have done what was needed, at the right time.

We know that most petroleum has come from rather limited areas and that even from these only a small proportion has been taken out. Oil produced by one procedure capable of lifting it to the surface when we drill holes is but a small proportion of all the oil contained in the sands. Even from the best fields recovery by the old methods is small, perhaps one-half in the most favorable conditions, efficiency one-tenth, or one-seventh, or one-fifth. But a considerable part of what still remains in the ground can be recovered by methods now established as technically and economically practicable.

Producing oil from coal and shales and by mining the oil bearing sands is entirely possible. Experiments are going on in these directions, and it will ever have to fall back on these resources we will be ready. For a long time, however, the present methods of exploration and drilling, with improving processes to assure larger recoveries, are likely to suffice.

An Oil Dome Illustrated

I am no draughtsman, but maybe I can draw something that will help explain. Here's a rough drawing of an oil dome. The shaded part at the bottom is a deposit of oil bearing sands... with an impervious rock stratum above. A wild-catter drilled the hole and gas pressure caused oil and gas to flow. After a while the gas pressure wasn't sufficient to keep up the flow and they pumped until ultimately even this ceased producing.

Nevertheless, most of the oil was still left sticking to the sand grains. Then the operator drilled the well C.D. which flowed for a time, but most of the oil was still down there in the sand. If the gas pressure could be forced more would flow. So the operator injects gas into one well, restoring the pressure and causing the oil to resume flowing from the other. After a time the new well stops again, but still much of the oil will be left. In some fields it has been possible to obtain additional amounts of oil by introducing water in some of the wells and forcing the oil to others. The addition of a chemical such as soda ash to the water may assist in removing the oil from the sand grains, but neither plain water nor water containing chemicals should be introduced into an oil sand except as a last resort, for it is likely that the water, which travels faster through the sand, will get to the open wells ahead of the oil and when the flow is resumed under pressure water will come out.

Everything Saved Nowadays

The gas escaping from an oil well carries with it a proportion of gasoline, which in the old days was lost. Nowadays it is extracted from the gas and saved, while the dry gas can be forced back into the ground to maintain pressure.

One of the menaces to meat oil pools is the inflow of subterranean water. Water flows through the oil sands faster than oil, and by surrounding the bottom of the well keeps the

oil from flowing. In Scotland they are working shales that produce about twenty-five gallons of oil per ton. The seams are from three-and-a-half to eight or ten feet thick. In Colorado are seams many times as thick and containing much more oil per ton. Reduction of shales involves an enormous mining operation, and after the oil is extracted the vast tonnage of refuse must be disposed of. So it is expensive compared with producing oil from wells.

The Use of Oil Shales

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Here E. Lindsey of the Bureau of Mines Experiment Station at Bartlesville, Okla., is confident that exploration, better recoveries, better utilization and deeper drilling would furnish enough oil to meet all requirements for at least twenty-five to fifty years, if it could be extracted in that time. But as a practical matter this will not be possible. Within that period there will be time of shortage, when oil from shales will be needed to supplement the oil from wells, etc.

Meantime federal and state governments and the industry are co-operating in an astonishing range of investigations and studies. These activities cover such a wide field that even an enumeration of them would run into tiresome detail.

HANOVER

Mrs. Fred Silver was ill last week, but is somewhat improved at this writing.

Sunday School met with Mrs. Ella Smith, Feb. 13, with a good attendance. On account of the absence of two of the teachers, Marjorie Cummings taught the primary class, and Maude Russell the junior class. Services are to be held next Sunday with Addie Saunders at the usual hour.

G. F. and A. B. Saunders attended the basketball game at Bethel, Friday.

Lisawood Fogg went to Boston the last of the week.

Several from this village attended the Rumford Carnival, Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dyke and Sydney visited Mrs. Dyke's father and sister at Canton, Sunday.

Miss Verna Hamilton spent the week end at Woodford with her parents.

G. F. Saunders was in Norway, Thursday, on business.

Mrs. Emily Roberts is gaining slowly.

Mrs. Alice Staples has completed her duties on the grand jury at South Paris, and returned to her home.

Ed. Rand of Andover was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Lucretia Barker recently celebrated her 88th birthday; she was pleasantly remembered with gifts, cards and letters, and also enjoyed several callers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Hayford and James were at Rumford, Sunday.

RUMFORD POINT

Red at East Rumford, Feb. 6, D. A. Merrill, aged 71 years.

While E. M. Knight and Fred Grant were cutting wood recently Knight's axe slipped out of his hand and struck Grant in the right hand cutting it quite badly. It took 24 stitches to close up the wound.

Bessie White is on the gain.

Willie Walker has the grippe.

Pharance Thomas is carrying the mail.

Ivan Stone is home for a short stay.

Albert Belyea is cutting birch for Geo. Elliott.

SKILLINGTON

Mrs. Reginald Robinson is spending several days in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sanborn have been quite ill during the past week.

Miss Ella F. Sanborn has returned from Lewiston, Maine.

Miss Chapin, Jr., spent the week with Kenneth Emery at Mr. Emery's camp at Grafton.

Julius Robinson attended the funeral of Miss Ethelyn Frost at South Paris, Friday.

Mr. Irving Henshaw, with a team of five very fine sled dogs, stopped overnight with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cross by last week. He was from Kokodjo, fifty miles from Greenville, Me., and making a trip of over five hundred miles to visit his mother at Windsor, Vt.

GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

Misses Freeman and Martin of the faculty were week end guests of Miss Louise Cummings at her home in South Paris.

Teachers and students were sorry to learn of the death of Miss Ethelyn Frost which occurred in New York following an operation for appendicitis. Miss Frost was a former member of the Junior class. Louise Cummings, Evelyn Cole, Hazel Smith and Esther Holt attended the funeral in South Paris on Friday.

The Twentieth Century Club will hold its February meeting on Thursday evening in the Wm. Bingham Gymnasium.

A short program will be presented at chapel on Friday morning to commemorate the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln.

Carolyn Cushman of the Sophomore class is confined to her room by illness.

The Girl Reserves held their regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon. A lively discussion on the Ideals of Friendship made a pleasant and profitable meeting. Priscilla York and Adelaide Dean served as leaders. Some new songs were practiced which will be enjoyed on the out-of-door hikes in the spring time.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting this week was devoted to making preparations for the carnival to be held on the 26th.

Bilious Headache

Quickly relieved and the stomach cleansed and toned with

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine.

60 doses 50c. Trial bottle 15c. All dealers.

Made and Guaranteed by L. F. MEDICINE CO., Portland, Maine.

Did It Ever Occur to You

That this is not the first thing to be considered in a job of printing? Throwing type together in a haphazard way does not require any knowledge of the printing art. That isn't the kind of work you want. But artistic typography in stationary and advertising requires credit to any concern. Our knowledge of printing gained by long experience enables us to produce

Attractive Printing for Every Purpose

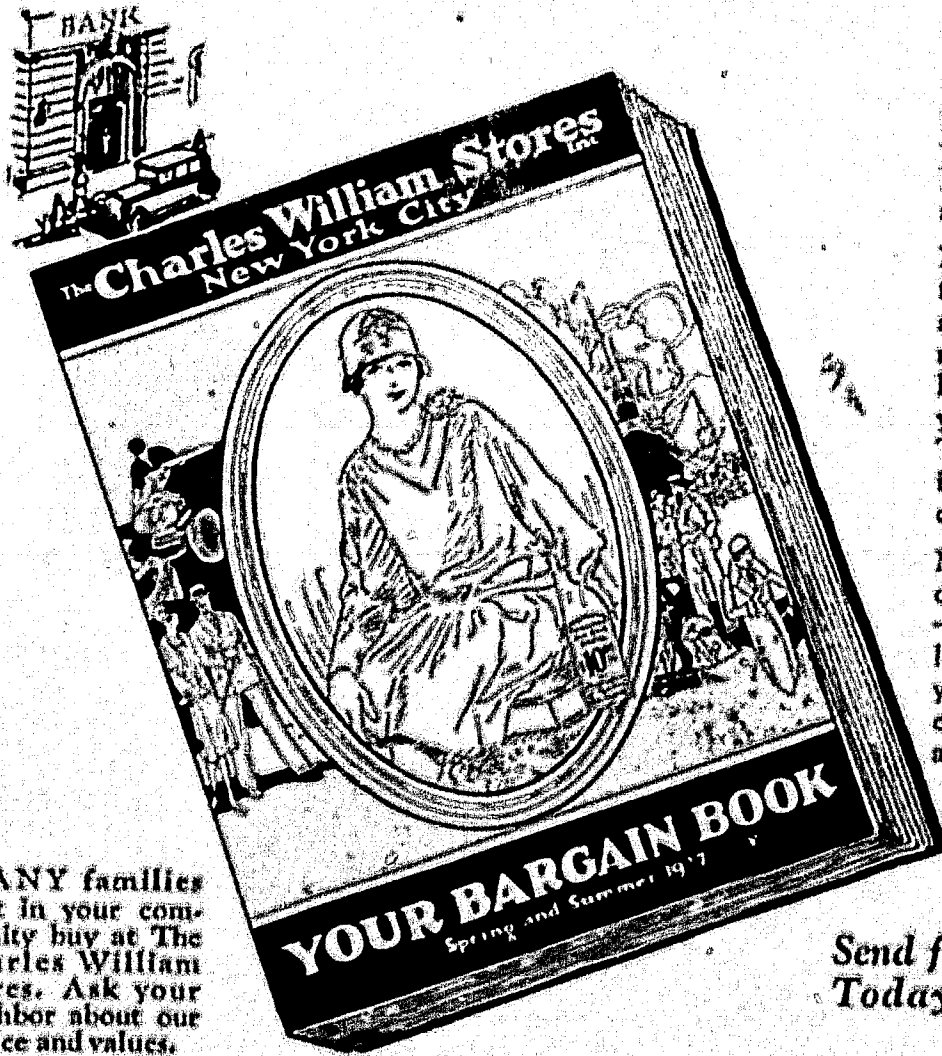
Don't order anything in this line until you call on us.

The **Charles William Stores Inc.**
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Save!

MONEY and TIME

with this New Big Catalog



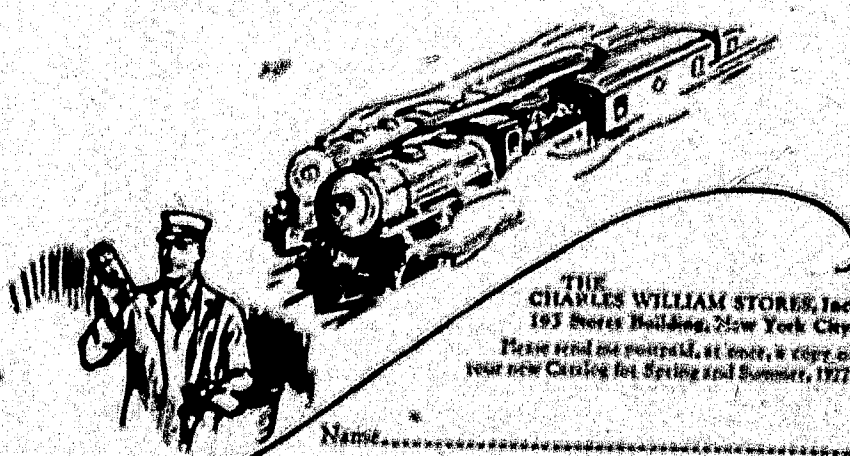
MANY families right in your community buy at The Charles William Stores. Ask your neighbor about our service and values. Use your catalog today — or if you haven't a catalog send the coupon below and a copy will be sent you at once FREE.

THE new catalog for Spring and Summer is ready, filled to the covers with everything from New York City — the marketplace of the world — ready to save money for you on practically everything you use or wear. Ready, too, to save time for you — as well as money.

No waiting — no delay here. Clothes, shoes for every member of the family, dry-goods, auto supplies, furniture, household equipment, in fact almost everything for your home, yourself, your family, your farm or your car... whatever it is you order from The Charles William Stores — you will get it, priced low, and shipped quickly. You may depend on that.

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Please send me promptly, at once, a copy of your new Catalog for Spring and Summer, 1927.

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EN CRY CASTORIA"

Prepared for Infants
Children of All Ages

Witcher's Castoria has
over 30 years to re-
children of Constipa-
Wind Colic and Dis-
Erect. Mess arising
by regulating the
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END COLDS!

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THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

LUMBERMEN FINDING THAT FORESTRY PAYS

Hard-Headed Business Men
Follow Lead of U. S.

Washington.—The illusion of inex-
haustible virgin forests has spent it-
self and in the lumber business fore-
stry has come to be the economic
competitor of transportation, says W.
R. Greeley, chief of the United States
forest service.

As long as cheap virgin stumpage
was at hand within a reasonable dis-
tance of the lumber and paper mar-
kets there was no place for systematic
timber growing. In the economic
scheme of things, the forestry expert
declares in the annual report of the
Smithsonian Institution for 1925 just
issued. Once the cost of transport-
ing lumber from the nearest forest ex-
ceeds the cost of growing it at home,
hard-headed business men realize that
forestry pays.

Forest conservation in the United
States has up to the present time been
largely a matter of public ownership
of timberland and public policies
based on foresight of coming national
necessity. Mr. Greeley says. Now, how-
ever, it is permeating down into the
counting house and directors' board
rooms.

Must Provide New Supply.

As the timber shortage grows more
critical the wood-using industries rec-
ognize the alternatives they face of
either providing future raw material
or going out of existence.

"Undoubtedly we must and will
learn to use less wood," continues Mr.
Greeley. "Steel, cement and slag prod-
ucts have been substituted for con-
struction lumber, and coal, oil and
electricity are replacing it for fuel. But
as these substitutions increase new
uses for wood like that in the
rayon textile industry are constantly
being evolved out of the chemistry
laboratory and the range of such
wood-using products continues to
widen."

Careful conservation of the timber
we already have, elimination of fore-
most waste to the last foot and gener-
ous growing of new trees point the
way to the solution of our forest prob-
lem, declares the expert.

A research institution that has for
its object the detailed study of all
the known insect carriers of disease is
a new project in science. A propo-
sal of such a beneficent foundation
has been made by Dr. L. O. Howard
chief of the United States bureau of
entomology.

Not only the insects of bad reputa-
tions of long standing, like the anoph-
eline mosquito associated with malaria,
but the close relatives of all the dis-
ease-bearing species should be studied
in a well equipped service "my com-
petent men entrusted in their work
and assisted to the limit of their en-
ergies to a financial way," declares
Howard.

Organic chemistry as an aid to the
entomologist in dealing with the in-
sect pest problem was stressed by the
well known scientist in his report.
Knowledge of the chemistry of the
physiological changes that insects un-
dergo is essential, he stated. Study
of the chemistry of the plants on
which they feed would help to give a
clearer understanding of what there
is about certain plants that attracts
certain insects. Such problems would
have a very important bearing eco-
nomically on many crop pests.

Annihilation of injurious insects by
poison gas is another phase of chem-
istry along the lines of which Doctor
Howard believes valuable progress
may be made in the future.

"We must look to the chemist," he
declared, "for the development of the
most perfect insecticide, which must be
a cheap compound that will at
once stimulate plant life and deter or
destroy insects."

Reports Cannibal Butterflies.

Cannibal butterflies and caterpil-
lars that give off electric shocks are
among the phenomena of nature de-
scribed by Dr. Austin H. Clark of the
United States National museum in the
report of the institution.

Certain butterflies found in the Ori-
ent and in our own New England re-
verse the usual vegetation habits of
their kind and feed on plant life and
meatly bugs during the larval stage,
says Doctor Clark. Little butterflies
of the kind known as *batracheae*
carry this practice to the point of at-
tacking their own species during the
helpless state of transition from the
larva into pupa. Before the pupa case
is hardened preparatory for the dis-
tant period during the winter the in-
sect is practically at the mercy of its
fellows, who frequently fall upon it
and devour it.

The "caterpillar" caterpillars were
found in Mexico feeding on mistletoe
flowers. While handling them the col-
lector experienced a tingling sensa-
tion distinctly resembling an electric
shock, explained Doctor Clark. Though
the insects had no bristles or other
protrusions that would cause irrita-
tion.

Have the birds if you would save
the crops, is the keynote of a report
by W. L. McAtee of the United States
biological survey.

This slogan is based on findings ac-
cumulated from extensive surveys of
bird habits by experts throughout the
country.

Indians in Cavalry

Washington.—There are now 25 full
blooded Sioux in the first squadron
Fourth cavalry, stationed at Fort
Meade, S. D., a post from which cav-
alry in the old days operated against
the Indians.

ARMY BUCK PRIVATE RADIO CORPS HEAD

How Love of Horses and
Travel Brought Success.

Washington.—That a native of
Horse county, Kentucky, should be a
horse lover and also have a desire to
travel is natural. That his twin de-
sires should make him the glass of
fashion and mold of form among the
radio lightning jockeys of Uncle
Sam's army and give him claim to title
as "first over and last back" buddy
of the A. E. F. is not so obvious.

Yet it was love of horses and the
desire "for to behold this world so
wide" that brought Master Sergeant
Robert E. Williamson, signal corps,
U. S. A., to his present job. His in-
terest in the Washington nerve
center of the army radio net that
straddles the country, has led him to
the frosty northern rim of Alaska and
outposts in the sun-drenched, equa-
torial southern Philippines, Panama
and Porto Rico, and does some 500
messages a day in government busi-
ness.

A friend told this Kentucky youth
that the signal corps used quite a
number of horses and mules and, back
in 1914, he set out to investigate.
Presently Buck Private Williamson
was in a signal outfit on Bedloe's Is-
land. Assignment to a field radio de-
tachement sent him to the Texas bor-
der, where the road to two-striper pro-
motion lay through learning what all
the squeaky noises being pushed into
and pulled out of the air were about.

By 1917 Corporal Williamson had
found out. He went to France with
the First division, stuck with it until
after the armistice, and then went to
Paris to help shuffle radio and tele-
graph traffic at the American embas-
sy. He was among the last men of
the A. E. F. to come home in 1923.

By that time the signal school at
Fort Monmouth, N. J., was trying to
standardize army radio technique. A
survey picked Master Sergeant Wil-
lamson as an almost perfect candidate.
His style was duly thumb-printed on
phonograph records, which are
now the main guide and instruction
for army radio key pounders.

A year ago he was ordered to the
Washington radio-dispatching office.
However far he may have wandered
from the horse-wrangler dreams of
his youth, he is officially rated as
about the toppest tophand of the army
at a radio key.

German Government Saves Woman From Slave Block

Berlin.—In order to save a German
woman from being sold in the open
markets as a slave, the German min-
ister stationed at Kabul was obliged
to purchase her in the name of his
government, setting a new precedent,
the New York Times learned.

Several years ago a native of Af-
ghanistan, Abdullah Khan, who was
living in Berlin, married a Berlin girl.
When infection came on her, with his
wife and children, returned to Kabul,
where the family lived happily and
prosperous.

Six months ago Khan died. When
his wife applied to the courts for pos-
session of his property she was in-
formed that her late husband belonged
to a mountain clan in Afghanistan and
as such was not subject either to the
English or Afghan law.

The clan, however, holds the old
custom that the brother of the de-
ceased gets all property, including the
wife, which he is allowed to marry or
sell. The brother offered marriage,
which was rejected. He thereupon
used the clan prerogative of bringing
the wife to the auction block.

The German minister refused to dis-
close the purchase price, but it is said
to be the highest ever paid in a Kabul
slave market.

A Little Rough

Ithaca, N. Y.—George W. Lloyd of
Philadelphia, a Junior at Cornell uni-
versity, must serve ten days in jail
for stopping the face of a coal wench
canceled a dinner engagement with her.

Wrong Eagle

Washington.—The Mexican eagle,
rather than the American eagle, is on
the face of American school textbooks,
if Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Dickson, re-
tired army chaplain, is correct.

At 81, Seeks Justice Job He Had 46 Years

Detroit.—Felix A. Lemke is to
be a candidate for justice of the
peace.

He made the announcement on his
eighty-first birthday, and as to his
qualifications he offers to the voters
of Detroit his record of 46 years of service in that po-
sition.

That 46 years of service came to
a close in the spring of 1923 when
he was defeated at the polls for the
first time. Friends brought beautiful
flowers and paid oral tribute to the
retiree. He had established "They told
him what a remarkable old man
he was, and when the curtain was
lowered—it was believed forever
—on the political activities and
public service of Felix A.
Lemke.

"I've got to have something to
do. I am going to get old if I
continue sitting around like this.
I'll live longer and keep younger
if I get back into the harness."

Prince Likes Us

New York.—Prince William of Swe-
den likes us so well that he is almost
inclined to take out first citizenship
papers.

HARI SINGH'S INDIAN REGIME SUCCESSFUL

Was "Mr. A." of Notorious
Robinson Divorce Case.

Srinagar, India.—It is now a year
since his highness Maharajah of
Kashmir, Sir Hari Singh—Mr. A—
came to the throne. Ever since 1921
he was president of the executive
council and had supported the cause
of reform in every way. But since
the disclosure of the notorious Rob-
inson divorce case, he went into re-
tirement for more than six months,
undergoing religious penance in or-
der to appease his rigidly orthodox
uncle and his still more eccentric co-
ter of old Hindu pundits.

Many were the almost unheard of
old and curious customs in this bor-
der state of Kashmir, which had to be
faced by the young maharajah. It
may be interesting to note that on the
death of his old uncle, the chief ex-
ecutive office of the state issued a gen-
eral order of "Pindit" or the slaying
of the heathen, the mauts and the
head of every Hindu male over
sixteen years of age on the tenth day
after the maharajah's death.

Diaband Swam Battalion.

Then again among the various re-
sponsibilities which the maharajah in-
herited was the special Swam bat-
talion of 300 swans, absolutely white,
headed by a crimson-colored one, a pet
scheme of his old uncle, who believed
them to be sacred birds belonging to
Brahma, the creator of the Hindu
trinity. They had a special guard
with swans as their emblem and the
whole battalion was taken to the
royal tanks in the morning from the
palace inclosure in the maharajah's
palace and escorted back in the eve-
ning. The counts on these occasions
were closed to all traffic while the ma-
jestic birds waddled forth.

Sir Hari Singh wanted to get rid of
the swans, but the pundits forbade it,
saying that they were sacred. Sir
Hari turned the tables on them nearly
by making presents of them to all the
old orthodox connections of his un-
cle who had taken prominent part in mak-
ing him do penance for his sins in
England. He said that they were the
custodians of the faith of his uncle
and as a mark of royal favor he quiet-
ly distributed the swans amongst
them, asking them to take special
care of the sacred birds. This re-
moved one of the stock attractions of
Jammun, but decreased an enormous
waste of palace money on the upkeep
of the swans.

One of the main departments of the
state was forests. Kashmir is well
known for its valuable forests, but the
old maharajah had given precious lit-
tle attention to them. Under Sir Hari
Singh the situation improved and by
the end of October, after a year of
his rule, the department returns
showed a profit of \$200,000 instead of
only \$20,000, recorded in the year pre-
vious. The Kashmir forest depart-
ment controls about 10,000 square
miles of jungle, or over 600,000,000
acres.

Stops Waste by Fire.

The villages used to burn large
areas for making clearings to culti-
vate grass fodder. The new maharaj-
ah introduced resin tapping as a new
industry and instead of the 100 square
miles of forest burnt by villagers the
year previous there was not a single
square mile burnt during last year.

The strengthening of the forest de-
partment has resulted in stopping all
smuggling and raiding and with the
ready appointed staff of European of-
ficers, it is hoped that this will cease.
These officers have been sent to dis-
close the purchase price, but it is said
to be the highest ever paid in a Kabul
slave market.

The young maharajah has become
the most popular figure in the state
at the present time. Possessor of al-
most untold wealth, his highness is
the embodiment of simplicity in his
personal life. He is wearing white
Lamazeen cloth called *bandha*, as
much favored by Mahatma Gandhi.

He goes on observing all the old re-
ligious rites laid down by Hinduism,
with punctilious regard for the old
rites and ceremonies. He went on a
pilgrimage on foot to the Shri Natch's
cave in the Punjab province accom-
panied by a large retinue and thou-
sands of pilgrims and gave away val-
uable presents, including an all gold
casket studded with jewels valued at
over \$25,000.

Baby Born on Liner to Have Free Ticket for Life

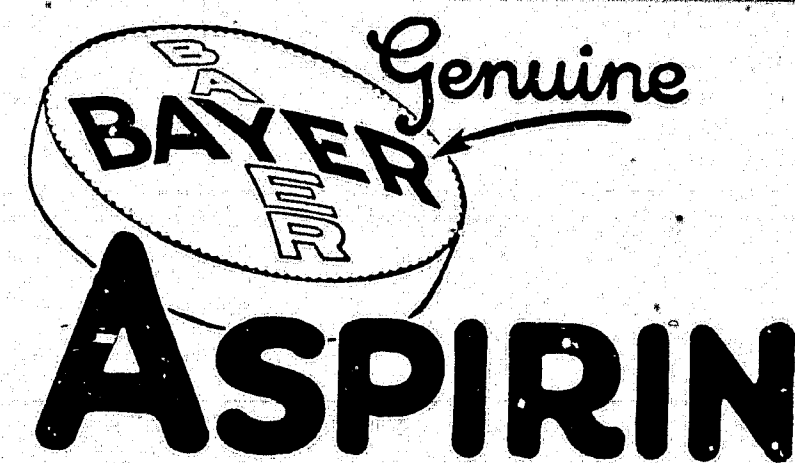
New York.—Because Lydia Bellish,
niece days old, was born at sea, she
will be permitted to make a round trip
to Italy free of charge any time she
pleases. The child was born on the
"Cassidy" liner Persepolis, Wilton,
while her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry
Bellish, were returning from a visit
to Italy. When the vessel docked at
Brooklyn, Giuseppe Conelli, New
York head of the line, presented the
parents with a certificate entitling the
child to free travel because, he said,
she was the first baby born on a
Connelly liner in 1927.

Botting Tax Pays

London.—The botting tax which
came into force to England last No-
vember yielded \$1,250,000 for the first
month.

Prince Likes Us

New York.—Prince William of Swe-
den likes us so well that he is almost
inclined to take out first citizenship
papers.



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